

the English edition of *De Corpore* which was about to appear, but he hit back in an appendix, *Six Lessons on the Principles of Geometry to the Professors of Mathematics at Oxford*. "Your objections to my geometry are only errors of your own," he cried. He proceeded to reiterate his statements and attack those of Wallis. The sixth letter, the-only one of interest to-day, rebutted the charges that he had injured the Universities and was an enemy of religion. "Do you think I can be an atheist afcd not know it ?" Wallis replied, and the battle degenerated into an exchange of scurrilities. After the Restoration Hobbes reminded his opponent of his political record, and Wallis rejoined that Hobbes had written *Leviathan* in support of the Protector and deserted his royal master in distress. Here he exposed himself to a vigorous counter-attack in 1662. In *Considerations on the "Reputation" of Loyalty, Manners and Religion of Thomas Hobbes*, the old philosopher claimed to have been perfectly loyal throughout. He had fled to Paris because his life seemed to be in danger. He had taught the young King mathematics, but he had never called himself his tutor. It was Wallis who -had actively supported the King's enemies. The pugnacious veteran continued to fire broadsides into his enemy, who invariably replied. His *Decameron Phjisiologicum*, a series of dialogues on scientific questions, was published at the age of ninety. To the end he maintained his paradox of the squaring of the circle. The feud with Wallis had lasted a quarter of the century. It was a blow to him that he never became a member of the Royal Society, but his exclusion is intelligible.

In the spring of 1660 a letter from the faithful Aubrey summoned Hobbes froin Derbyshire to London so that he might greet his master on his return, and

perhaps renew
acquaintances in Cooper's studio, which the
Kong, a lover of
fainting, was certain to visit. A day or two after
his triumphant entry into the capital, as the King drove
along the Strand, he saw Hobbes standing at the gate of
his patron's house, took off his hat, and asked him how he
was. A week
later they met at Cooper's studio, where the
King was sitting
for his portrait. " Here His Majesty's favours
were redintegrated to him," records Aubrey, " and order
was given that
he should have free access to His Majesty,
who always
much delighted in his wit and smart repartees.
The wits at
Court were wont to bait him, but he feared none
of them and
would make his part good." Charles used to
greet him with